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KITTY'S TRIUMPH.

A Drama in Six Acts.

BY MRS. MARY J. CLIFFORD.

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KITTY'S TRIUMPH.

SCENE IN WOODS NEAR HOLYOKE.

[MRS. MARY J. CLIFFORD.]

ACT I.

Enters Kitty.—Well, I've got here after a while and if I don't have a good time it won't be my fault. But won't we catch "Hail Columbia" when Aunt Mandy finds out what we have done, or rather what we haven't done, for we haven't done half the work she told us to do. But I don't care, if I worked my hands off for her I would get no thanks for it. Dear me, why don't Bingo come? he is the slowest mortal that ever lived. He has been poking around all the morning as if holidays were common things. (Looking through trees.) There he is up the road talking with Bill Brown. I should like to know what they are talking about. I'll make him start. (Puts hands each side of mouth and calls Bingo, Bin—go.) He is as deaf as a haddock. Bingo will you ever get a move on you. There, he is coming at last. (Enters Joseph Nichols, nicknamed Bingo.)

Bingo.—Here I be Kitty; did you think I was never coming.

Kitty.—Yes I did. Where are the snapcrackers?

Bingo.—I guess I left 'em at home.

Kitty.—Bingo Nichols, I do believe if your head wasn't fastened to your shoulders you would leave it some where and forget where you left it.

Bingo.—I don't know but what you are right.

Kitty.—Now what are we going to do for fireworks?

Bingo.—I guess I'll go and get 'em.

Kitty.—All right, I'll wait here until you come, and do move along as if you wasn't going to a funeral. (Exit *Bingo*.)

Enters Bingo.—Say *Kitty*, I heard your aunt and cousins talking about you this morning!

Kitty.—Did you. What did they say?

Bingo.—Anna wanted them to let you go to the picnic.

Kitty.—What did *Carry* say?

Bingo.—She called you a shocking creature, and that she was ashamed to let folks know that you were her cousin. But Anna stood up for you.

Kitty.—Hateful old cat; I'll come even with her one of these days, see if I don't.

Bingo.—That's right *Kitty*, I would if I was you. Now I guess I'll go after the snapcrackers. (Exit *Bingo*.)

Kitty.—Dear old *Bingo*, he is forgetful and slow as death, but any one that takes him for a flat will get left, he ain't half so much of a fool as he might be; he knows ten times more than some folks that call him a fool. Goodness who is that? I guess I'll get out of sight. (Conceals herself behind tree. Enters *Carry* and *Anna*.)

Carry.—What a nice cool place this is. I think if I stay here a little while my head will feel better.

Anna.—(Placing hand on *Carry's* head.) Does it ache very bad?

Carry.—Oh dreadfully. What were you and *Florence Moreland* talking about when I called you away?

Anna.—She was telling me about her brother *Dick*; he is coming home.

Carry.—Is he really?

Anna.—That is what *Florence* told me, and she is going to give a lawn party in honor of his return; and I think she is going to invite the whole town. She said she was going to invite *Kitty*, so we must get her something decent to wear.

Carry.—We will do nothing of the sort. *Kitty Farnsworth* shall not go to that party, and I don't wish to hear any more about it.

Anna.—But Carry she will get an invitation.

Carry.—What of that, we are not obliged to let her go. We shall have to have new dresses and we could not afford to get one for Kitty, even if we wanted her to go, and I have a particular reason for wishing to look nice at that party.

Anna.—Are you going to set your cap for Dick?

Carry.—I will tell you something if you will promise not to say anything about it.

Anna.—I won't mention it.

Carry.—Well, before Dick Moreland went abroad he and I were the warmest friends and I haven't a doubt that if he had not gone away so soon he would have proposed. I intend to renew this old friendship if possible, and who knows what may happen. I shall be his wife one of these days and shall have diamonds, silks, satins and a carriage to ride in. You know he is very wealthy, his uncle died and left him a very large fortune.

Anna.—Don't be too sure that you will be Mrs. Moreland, for as true as you live, if once he gets acquainted with Kitty, you won't stand a ghost of a chance.

Carry.—Indeed, and why not?

Anna.—Because Kitty is just the kind of a girl that men like, and we know that she is pretty.

Carry.—I don't believe that Dick Moreland would notice such a Tomboy, but I shall take particular pains to keep her out of the way.

Anna.—(Aside.) And I shall take particular pains to have them made acquainted.

Carry.—What are you muttering about?

Anna.—Does your head feel any better.

Carry.—I think it does feel a little better. We will go back to the picnic ground.

Anna.—I am ready any time you are. (Exit Carry and Anna. Kitty comes from hiding place.)

Kitty.—Listeners never hear any good of themselves. We shall see whether I go to that lawn party or not. So Cad is going to catch on to this Dick Moreland. I should like to

cut her out. How very sure she is that she is to be Mrs. Moreland. I suppose if he does marry her we will not be able to touch her with a ten foot pole. Anna said I was pretty. I never thought much about my looks, but who knows but this Dick Moreland will like me, I'm going to try and catch on to him myself. "Christopher Columbia!" who is that coming. My ain't he a dandy. I'll bet a cent that is Florence Moreland's beau; guess I'll keep still until he is gone. (Sits on stone. Enters Dick Moreland.)

Dick.—Hello little girl!

Kitty.—(Rising from seat.) I ain't a little girl.

Dick.—So I see. You are quite a young lady.

Kitty.—(Laughing.) I guess Cad would laugh to hear you call me a young lady. She calls me a tomboy, and a most shocking creature.

Dick.—And who is Carry?

Kitty.—Why, don't you know Carry Brooks? I thought every one knew her.

Dick.—I am a stranger here, but I think I have heard of her.

Kitty.—Did you ever hear any good of her!

Dick.—I have heard that she was a very nice young lady.

Kitty.—Oh rats, that's because people don't know her, why, she is the hatefulest piece of flesh that ever lived.

Dick.—Indeed, I was not aware that Miss Brooks was disagreeable.

Kitty.—You ought to live with her a while, I guess you would find out what a torment she is. When she has got her dander up Anna or Aunt Mandy doesn't dare say their soul is their own. My, how she does make things fly, but she can't scare me worth a cent; I can give her as good as she sends every time.

Dick.—I am surprised. (Enters Howard Trayson, conceals himself behind tree.)

Kitty.—You ought not to be surprised at anything now days, I ain't. Say, are you going to the picnic?

Dick.—That was my intention ; I am very anxious to see Florence Moreland.

Kitty.—(Aside.) I knew he was Florence Moreland's beau. (To Dick.) I suppose you knew Florence was going to give a party.

Dick.—I have not heard anything about it.

Kitty.—Oh well, she will be sure to invite you. I heard she was going to invite me and Cad says I shan't go, but I shall.

Dick.—I don't blame you little one, I would if I were you. When is this party coming off?

Kitty.—I don't know I'm sure, but I guess it will be pretty soon, you sit down and I'll tell you all about it, and I'll give you some of my lunch. (Dick takes seat. Kitty brings lunch basket.)

Kitty.—Of course you knew Florence had a brother?

Dick.—I believe I have heard of him.

Kitty.—Well, he is in Europe now, but he is coming home soon and Florence is going to give a lawn party in his honor.

Dick.—Indeed, and did you say that Florence had invited you?

Kitty.—She hasn't, but she is going to, I heard Anna tell Carry about it. They came out here a few minutes ago and I hid behind a tree and heard every word they said. Cad is a mean thing. She wouldn't let me go to the picnic and I'll pay her back if I get a chance. Will you have something to eat?

Dick.—I think I can eat something. (Kitty give food to Dick.)

Kitty.—Now I suppose you want something to drink. (Produce bottle.)

Dick.—Great Scott ! What have you in that bottle.

Kitty.—Nothing but cold tea, so don't you worry, I won't get you drunk. You will have to drink from the bottle ; I suppose that will be easy enough to do.

Dick.—I think I can manage it.

Kitty.—I'll bet you can, I never saw a man that couldn't.

(Dick drinks from the bottle. Gives it to Kitty. Kitty holds bottle up.) I guess you have drank from a bottle before. Will you have some pie?

Dick.—Thanks, don't care if I do.

Kitty.—(Gives pie to Dick.) I must save enough for Bingo, he hasn't had his dinner yet.

Dick.—Who is Bingo?

Kitty.—Why, that's my chum, his right name is Joe Nichols, but we call him Bingo. He is Aunt Mandy's hired boy, and every one except me call him a fool, but he ain't a fool, he is awful slow though.

Dick.—I suppose you are Kitty Farnsworth.

Kitty.—I suppose I am, how did you know?

Dick.—I have heard of you. Is your Aunt Mandy kind to you.

Kitty.—Perhaps I don't know what kindness is, but I should say she wasn't, anyway she makes me work all the time and she is always twitting me about being dependent on her. Anna is a pretty good girl, but Cad is worse than the itch. She thinks she is going to marry Dick Moreland, but I'll cut her out if I can, I should like to pay her for her hatefulness. My, wouldn't she rave if I should get ahead of her for, I bet she would turn green with envy, but I'll try it, I want to get even with her some way, but you mustn't tell.

Dick.—I wont mention it.

Kitty.—That's right. Now I have told you who I am and all about myself, and you must tell me your name, I know you are Florence Moreland's beau, but I don't know your name.

Dick.—You are mistaken Kitty, I am not Florence Moreland's beau.

Kitty.—You ain't! Well, who in creation are you?

Dick.—I am Florence Moreland's brother, they call me Dick.

Kitty.—(Jumping from seat.) Thunder! Why the duce din't you say so before, you are a mean skunk to set there and let me make a fool of myself, I'll never speak to you again, *never.* (Takes lunch basket and leaves stage.)

Dick.—Now I've done it, but never mind, I'll see you again, Kitty Farnsworth, and I'm not sure but your plan of catching on to Dick Moreland will be carried out, for I must admit that I never was so much interested in a girl in my life; she is a perfect little wildcat, but I think she can be tamed. (Enter Delmore Cameron.)

Del.—Good morning sir:—Why, Dick old boy, is this you? (Handshaking.) I didn't expect to find you here! When did you arrive?

Dick.—This morning. I called at the house, but there was no one at home except the servants. Flo is attending a picnic at the other end of the woods.

Del.—That was my experience, exactly; shall we go on? I am very anxious to see your sister; I haven't been able to see her for nearly a month.

Dick.—You must be very busy. Are you still studying law?

Del.—I have been admitted to the bar, my dear boy.

Dick.—The deuce you have! Have you had many cases?

Del.—Quite a number, but just at present I am trying a little detective business. I am looking for a lost heiress.

Dick.—Well, Well! And where do you expect to find her?

Del.—I have reason to believe that she is in Holyoke.

Dick.—This is very interesting; would you mind telling me about it?

Del.—Not in the least. The girl I am in search of is an orphan. Her grandfather, who was very wealthy, has died recently and if the girl is not found his fortune will go to Howard Grayson, the nephew of Leonard Grayson, diseased. I think this girl is living with her aunt. As yet the girl is ignorant of the fortune and we may have trouble in proving her claim. Her mother and my mother were old friends, consequently my mother is very much interested in the case.

Dick.—If the girl is an orphan how does it happen that she has not resided with her grandfather?

Del.—Her mother was disinherited because she eloped with a fortune hunter. Leonard Grayson did not know that he had a

granddaughter until a few weeks before he died. For about ten years Leonard Grayson has had a nephew residing with him, who expected to inherit his wealth. but just before Mr. Grayson died he learned that his daughter was dead, also that she had left a daughter; he sent for me and begged me to find his granddaughter; he thought she was in Boston; I went to Boston, and there learned that the girl came to Holyoke nearly six years ago. When I returned from Boston Leonard Grayson was dead; he had died very suddenly. We thought there was foul play, and an autopsy was held, but nothing was found to confirm our suspicion, but I shall always believe that Howard Grayson murdered his uncle in order to secure his fortune.

Dick.—I should not be surprised. What is the girl's name? I believe you haven't told me.

Del.—Her name is Kitty Farnsworth.

Dick.—(Jumping from seat.) The devil!

Del.—What is the matter Dick? Do you know her?

Dick.—I have seen her.

Del.—You look guilty Dick, have you been making love to this girl?

Dick.—No I haven't, but I intend to marry her if she will have me.

Del.—I hope you will be successful. What would you say if I told you that I intended to offer myself to your sister?

Dick.—I should say that there is not another man in the world that I should rather have for a brother.

Del.—Thank you Dick, and now will you go with me to the fair Kitty's home?

Dick.—I assure you there is nothing that would give me more pleasure; shall we go at once? (Eagerly.)

Del.—You must be pretty hard hit my boy. We must call at the hotel for my mother first and then we will go to the home of your lady love. By the way, is she pretty?

Dick.—I think so; she is what I call a diamond in the rough. (Takes Delmore's arm.) Come along and see for yourself. (Exit Dick and Delmore. Howard Grayson comes from hiding place. Enters Bingo; conceals himself.)

Grayson.—Curse the meddling fools, I wish they were in the bottom of the sea! If this girl gets what is lawfully hers where shall I be. Great heavens, have I spent ten years of my life hanging around that old blockhead, doing his bidding as if I were a slave only to be ousted by this miserable girl, I will kill her first, for I swear I will never give up Leonard Grayson's money, but murders are disagreeable things and why not marry her? I am not bad looking and have won the heart of more than one girl, why not this one. Doubtless she has her mother's marriage certificate in her possession, I must have it; once let me get it in my possession then if she is not willing to marry me, so much the worse for herself. Without this certificate her friends cannot prove that she is the lawful grandchild of Leonard Grayson. But how am I to get it? I must have it! I will have it! I must have this money, there is no crime I would not commit to secure it, even if I have to commit *murder*.

Enters Armstrong.—Hello there stranger! Who is that you are going to murder?

Grayson.—You if you don't mind your own business.

Armstrong.—Oh no you wont, you are too much of a coward for that Grayson.

Grayson.—(Facing Armstrong.) How dare you. Why Armstrong, is this you? you are just the fellow I want.

Armstrong.—Got a job for me?

Grayson.—Yes, if you are good at breaking and entering.

Armstrong.—Any money in it?

Grayson.—One hundred dollars if you will manage to get into a certain house and steal a marriage certificate.

Armstrong.—I'm just your huckleberry, I need some money bad. Where is the house and who does the certificate belong to?

Grayson.—The house is on the road that leads to the village; the marriage certificate belongs to my cousin Mildred, of course her daughter has it, and if I don't get it I shall be a beggar.

Armstrong.—I thought you were the only living relative of Leonard Grayson.

Grayson.—So did I, but I have learned recently that Mildred left a daughter. This girl will come in for the old man's money and if I am not careful she will get it. You had better try and get the paper tonight, there is no time to loose, do you understand?

Armstrong.—I guess so. When am I to have the money?

Grayson.—As soon as you give me the paper, and be sure to keep sober until the job is done, a fellow must have a clear head while he is attending to business.

Armstrong.—Right you are! Say lend me ten cents, I am dead broke.

Grayson.—What do you want of ten cents, I told you that you must keep sober while you are working for me.

Armstrong.—(Passing hand over chin.) I want to get shaved, I have a scheme but I can't carry it out unless I look respectable.

Grayson.—Well, you do need a shave, heres a quarter, you will have to get a hair cut.

Armstrong.—(Puts money in pocket.) Thanks, I'll be off. I'm as anxious to get the certificate as you are. (Walks across stage.)

Grayson.—Hold on a minute, I am going to disguise myself and I think you had better do the same. For the present I shall be known as Henry Worthington. and your name will be what?

Armstrong.—Frank Elsworth, at your service. (Bowling very low.)

Grayson.—That will do nicely, now I will bid you good day. (Exit Grayson and Armstrong in opposite directions. Bingo comes from hiding place.)

Bingo.—Well I be tetotally-gosh-darned, I believe the duce is to pay. Wall now perhaps them chaps think they are going to have things all their own way, but I think Joe Nichols will have something to say about that. Now here is a chance for me to show folks that I ain't so much of a fool as they

take me for. I'll be a detective. I been trying for some time to find out what I was built for and I've found out, now I'm a goin' to get ahead of them chaps if it takes a farm, and if they harm one hair of Kitty Farnsworth's curly head I'll kill them both. Ge whiz here comes a whole drove of live stock, I guess I had better make myself scarce. (Exit Bingo. Enters Florence Moreland followed by picnics.)

Florence.—What a beautiful place! I think we had better stay here and eat our dinners, I'm sure we cannot find a more delightful spot.

Carry Brooks.—Neither do I Florence, I think this the prettiest part of the woods.

One of the boys.—I move we stay here and eat our dinner, all in favor of this move say I. (All together.) I.

Florence.—Then we will stay, and as it is a well known fact that a person can sing best before eating let us all sing "The Star Spangled Banner." (Enter boy with banner followed by two little girls holding flags which they should wave gently during the singing. After singing tableau.)

ACT II.

SCENE: AMANDA BROOKS HOME.

Enters Amanda Brooks.—I wonder where them young ones have gone, I told them to stay to hum today but they have cleared out, and I bet two cents they haven't done half the work I told them tew. Kit—ty, Kit—ty. She ain't around you might know. I teach her to run away When I've told her tew stay at hum. I bet a cookey that she and that Joe Nichols is up to some mischief, but I'll wallop their jackets when get a hold on them. (Armstrong knocks at door. Amanda opens door.)

Amanda.—What, be you a book agent?

Armstrong.—No ma'am I am not.

Amanda.—Well you can come in.

Enters Armstrong.—I am in search of a quiet boarding

place where I can rest, I am tired of fashionable summer resorts and if you will take pity on me and allow me to stay here a few weeks you will do me a great favor. I will pay you any sum you ask.

Amanda.—Well I guess I can take you, the parlor chamber ain't in order so I shall have to let you have Kitty's room tonight but you can have the parlor chamber tomorrow.

Armstrong.—Is Kitty your daughter?

Amanda.—Law no, she's nothing but a harum scarum tomboy, she just as leave sleep in the barn as in bed, she wont mind sleeping on the lounge one night, so don't worry about her.

Armstrong.—Very well Mrs. Brooks, if you will show me to my room I shall be greatly obliged as I am very tired.

Amanda.—Poor cretter you look tired, you just go right up stairs, the first door to the right, you must excuse me for not going up with you, I've got rhumatics and I can't climb stairs as I used to.

Armstrong.—Don't trouble yourself about me Mrs. Brooks, I shall do nicely. (Exit Armstrong.)

Amanda.—Well now, he is a real gentleman, I dew hope he will marry one of my gals. Now what am I going to dew for some nice cake, I'll go over to Mrs. Brown's and see if she's got any fruit cake made up, I must have something decent for supper and I'll have Kitty wait on the table and we'll have things done in style, I know how to put on style if I want to. (Exit Amanda. Enters Armstrong. Enters Bingo.)

Armstrong.—What great luck I have had! fate has played into my hands this time sure, how nicely the old lady was taken in, but what will she think when I don't make my appearance at tea time, I'll just leave a note for her. I expected to have lots of trouble in getting the marriage certificate, but I have it safe in my pocket, and tomorrow I will exchange it for one hundred dollars. I think I will move on before the old lady returns. (Exit Armstrong followed by Bingo.)

Enters Kitty.—Dear me I don't see what has become of Bingo. I thought I was going to have a great time today and I ain't had a bit of fun. Well I suppose I might just as well mend those stockings one time as another, I shall have it to do, no matter how long I put it off. (Takes stockings from basket.) This is Cad's you might know. (Sits on table.) I declare to goodness! if I couldn't mend my own stockings I wouldn't wear any. (Dick knocks at door, Kitty jumps from table.) Great Scott, why don't they knock the door down. (Opens door.) Hello, did you want to see Aunt Mandy?

Dick.—No Kitty, we wish to see you.

Kitty.—Well, you take a good look at me.

Dick.—I have brought some friends to see you, this is Miss Farnsworth Mrs. Cameron.

Mrs. Cameron.—I am very glad to meet you dear and perhaps you will be pleased to know that I was one of your mother's most intimate friends.

Kitty.—Did you really know my mother?

Mrs. Cameron.—Yes dear, I knew her and loved her.

Kitty.—Then I shall love you.

Mrs. Cameron.—I am very glad to hear you say that, for I came to take you away with me if you wish to go.

Kitty.—You bet your life I'll go! I'm tired of staying here.

Mrs. Cameron.—Did your mother ever tell you of her past life?

Kitty.—No ma'am, I don't even know what her name was before she was married.

Mrs. Cameron.—Then I will tell you, your mother was the only child of Leonard Grayson, who lived in Springfield, your grandfather was very wealthy; your mother married against his will, consequently she was disinherited. I don't know what kind of a husband your father was, but he was very poor and if I am not mistaken your mother regretted her disobedience. Your grandfather is dead, and the money that would have been your mother's will in due time be yours. Have you your mother's marriage certificate?

Kitty.—I guess so.

Mrs. Cameron.—It will be necessary to have it in order to prove that you are the lawful grandchild of Leonard Grayson.

Kitty.—Don't they keep a marriage record in the city clerk's office?

Mrs. Cameron.—Yes, but we don't know where your mother and father were married, it was a case of elopement.

Kitty.—Oh my, how much money did my grandfather leave.

Mrs. Cameron.—I don't know, but I think he must have left several millions.

Kitty.—Je-ru-sa-lem, all that, what in the world can I do with so much money.

Mrs. Cameron.—You can make good use of it.

Kitty.—Glory Halleluyah! wont Cad's nose be knocked clean out of joint. I will buy Anna lots of things and I shall send Bingo to college and I wont give Aunt Mandy or Cad as much as a paper of pins. How long will I have to wait before I can have some money? I don't care so much about myself but I want to make every one I like a present, and I want to go to school, I don't know anything.

Mrs. Cameron.—You shall go to school Kitty, and I think it will not be a great while before you will come in possession of your fortune, I will take you home with me today if your aunt can spare you.

Kitty.—I guess she will have to spare me whether she wants to or not, I am tired of being knocked about and treated like a dog and half starved into the bargain, I will go right up stairs and get my things and be all ready to skip as soon as Aunt Mandy comes, I'm dying to get away from this old place. (Exit Kitty.)

Dick.—(Laughing.) You will have your hands full Mrs. Cameron.

Mrs. Cameron.—I think I can manage her, she is like her mother.

Dick.—You will have to keep a tight rein on her.

Del.—My opinion is that she will wear mother out, she is as wild as a hawk.

Mrs. Cameron.—Do not fear, my son, I shall tame her.

Enters Kitty.—(With satchel.) Here I be all ready, I chucked everything that belonged to me into this bag.

Dick.—(Slipping forward.) Allow me. (Taking Kitty's satchel.)

Kitty.—I said once that I would never speak to you again, but seeing that you brought Mrs. Cameron here I think I will forgive you for making a fool of me, anyhow I didn't mean a word I said today, I was talking just to hear myself talk.

Dick.—I am glad you are not angry with me, I was very much afraid you would keep your word.

Kitty.—Gracious! here comes Aunt Mandy. Now if you want to know how I am treated go into the other room and don't come out until I call you. (Exit Mrs. Cameron, Dick and Del. Kitty takes work and sits on table. Enters Amanda.)

Amanda.—Well it does beat all how that gal does act, when I get a hold on her I'll wallop her jacket in good shape. (Sit in rocking chair, takes out snuff box.) She is getting altogether too sassy and independant, I shall have to take her down a peg.

Kitty.—(Creeps up behind Amanda, bursts a paper bag, Amanda jumps from chair.)

Amanda.—For mercy sakes if there ain't another one of them big snapcrackers, I shall be glad when Fourth of July is over.

Kitty.—(Laughing.) Why Aunt Mandy can't you tell a paper bag from a snapcracker?

Amanda.—You little emp, you made me spill my snuff.

Kitty.—I am glad of it, you ought not to use the nasty stuff.

Amanda.—Its none of *your* business I shall use as much as I please. Where on earth did you get that dress?

Kitty.—I bought it.

Amanda.—You bought it?

Kitty.—That's what I said. What are you going to do about it?

Amanda.—You will find out before I get through with you. Where did you get the money?

Kitty.—I earned it by selling huckleberries if you must know.

Amanda.—How much money did you have?

Kitty.—I had almost two dollars, I bought this dress and a straw hat for Bingo and what I had left I spent it for snap-crackers.

Amanda.—I'll teach you not to spend your money so foolish another time! Have you darned them stockings?

Kitty.—Not a darned stocking!

Amanda.—My soul, what shall I do with her? (Enters Carry and Anna.)

Carry.—What is the matter now has Kitty been making more trouble for you mother?

Amanda.—I do believe she will drive me crazy.

Kitty.—I shan't have to drive you a great way.

Carry.—Why don't you give her a good whipping, I'm sure she deserves it.

Amanda.—That's *just* what she deserves and just what she will get, I'll teach her to sass me. Anna go out and get me a stick.

Anna.—I'll do nothing of the kind, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, I'm sure Kitty has done nothing to deserve a whipping.

Amanda.—Mind your own business, Anna Brooks, that gal needs a whipping and she is going to have it, she has got to do as I say or I'll know the reason why.

Kitty.—Mandy Brooks you shan't whip me!

Amanda.—I shan't eh? well, we will see about it. Carry bring me a stick. (Exit Carry, return with stick.)

Amanda.—Now come here you young hussey.

Kitty.—You will have to catch me if you want me. (Amandy tries to catch Kitty, tumbles over chair. Carry catches Kitty by hair.)

Carry.—Here she is mother, I will hold her.

Anna.—For shame Carry Brooks, I did not think you would be so mean.

Amanda.—Hold your tongue Anna Brooks or you will get a whipping yourself, (Amanda attempts to strike Kitty, Kitty frees herself from Carry's grasp, stands behind chair.)

Kitty.—Carry if you only knew what a fool you are making of yourself you wouldn't give two cents for yourself.

Carry.—You are altogether two saucy for a beggar.

Kitty.—I ain't a beggar.

Carry.—I say you are.

Kitty.—I would give a cent if Dick Moreland could see you now, he would be sure to fall in love with you.

Carry.—What on earth do you know about Dick Moreland?

Kitty.—Nothing, only what I heard you tell Anna out in the woods today.

Carry.—I'll pay you for listening to me you ingrateful little beggar. (Carry catches Kitty.) Bring me that stick mother, I have got her and I intend to keep her this time. (Amanda strikes Kitty)

Amanda.—Take that, you little emp!

Kitty.—Help! help! (Enters Mrs. Cameron, Del. and Dick.)

Dick.—Stop! how dare you strike that child?

Carry.—How dare you interfere? Who are you sir?

Dick.—Have I changed so much that you fail to recognize Dick Moreland.

Carry.—Horrors!

Amanda.—Sakes alive be you Dick Moreland?

Dick.—Yes I am Dick Moreland, and I am shocked to know how you have treated your brother's child.

Amanda.—You wouldn't blame me if you knew what a trial she has been to me, I have tried to make a good girl of her but it's no kind of use, she is too much like her mother to amount to anything. Her mother was such a low thing that she didn't dare to tell who her folks was.

Mrs. Cameron.—Silence! you shall not say another word against Kitty's mother. Doubtless her reason for not speaking of her father was, she did not wish to have it known that she had disgraced him by marrying such a miserable wretch as your brother proved to be.

Kitty.—(Clapping hands.) Bully for you Mrs. Cameron, give it to her, I'll bet on you every time.

Amanda.—Wh--What was the matter with my brother.

Mrs. Cameron.—He was a gambler and fortune hunter. He married Kitty's mother for her money but thank goodness he did not get one cent of it.

Amanda.—Did Kitty's mother have money?

Mrs. Cameron.—She would have had it if she had obeyed her father. She was an only child. Kitty's grandfather is dead and the money that should have been her mother's will belong to Kitty.

Anna.—Dear Kitty, I am very glad for your sake that you are to have a fortune.

Kitty.—So am I Anna, and I shan't forget those who have been kind to me, when I get my money.

Amanda.—Well Kitty I hope you will forgive me if I ain't treated you just right and let by-gones be by-gones. (attempts to embrace Kitty.)

Kitty.—No you don't, you have treated me too mean since I have lived with you to forgive and forget so easily, I am going home with Mrs. Cameron and you can bet your boots it will be a long time before you see me around here again.

Carry.—(Aside.) I must do something to win Dick's good opinion. (To Kitty.) I am very sorry Kitty that I allowed myself to fly into such a rage but you know I am hasty and when I am angry I say a great many things that I do not mean. (Offering hand.) Will you forgive me Kitty?

Kitty.—(Putting hands behind her.) *No ma'am*, I wonder that you can humble yourself to ask forgiveness of a beggar.

Carry.—There Kitty, you know very well that I did not mean a word I said.

Kitty.—I know that you are mean enough for anything and I don't want to hear any more about it, I wouldn't forgive you to save your soul! Come along Mrs. Cameron, I am ready. (Kissing Anna.) Good bye Anna you old dumpling, come and see me when you can. Good bye Cad, I hope you will have no further trouble from this miserable little beggar. (Exit Kitty, Mrs. Cameron, Dick and Delmore, Amanda sits in chair wiping eyes. Curtain falls.)

ACT III.

SCENE: GROUNDS OF MORELAND MANSION.

Enters Howard Grayson alias Henry Worthington.—I wonder why Armstrong don't show up, I hope nothing has happened to prevent him from getting that certificate.

Enters Armstrong.—Hello there' old pard! I've been looking for you all the afternoon.

Grayson.—Where the duce have you been for the last three weeks?

Armstrong.—Laid up with a sprained ankle.

Grayson.—Have you the marriage certificate?

Armstrong.—You bet! have you the money? (Armstrong gives certificate to Grayson, Grayson gives him money.)

Grayson.—(Putting paper in pocket.) Ah, now I shall breath freely, and if Kitty does not wish to marry me it will be all right, I have uncle Grayson's money and I mean to hang onto it.

Armstrong.—How are you and your cousin getting along, are you making any progress in that direction?

Grayson.—I hardly know, she is such a little wildcat one cannot get her to talk common sense five minutes at a time. I sent her a bouquet this evening, I don't know whether she will wear it or not, if she does I shall think I have made an impression at least.

Armstrong.—Are you not afraid of young Moreland?

Grayson.—I don't think he stands as good a chance as I

do, she wont have anything to say to him, she wont stay in his company two minutes.

Armstrong.—You may depend upon it Grayson, if she acts like a cat in strange garret when he is around, she is in love with him.

Grayson.—Nonsense Armstrong, I don't believe it, I think she is she is coming, let us get out of sight. (Exit Grayson and Armstrong. Enters Kitty.)

Kitty.—I don't see what I am going to do with two bouquets. I can't wear them both and of course I shall wear Dick's. I should like to know how Dick found out that I like pink roses. I wonder who sent these yellow ones, they are pretty but they can't hold a candle to Dick's, I guess I will give them to Mrs. Cameron. (Enters Mrs. Cameron.)

Mrs. Cameron.—I have been looking for you my dear, I thought you were in your room dressing.

Kitty.—Oh dear no, I have been out here fifteen minutes, life is too short to spend so much time dressing, It don't take me three minutes to get into my duds, and by the way I have got a bouquet for you.

Mrs. Cameron.—Have you dear, where did you get it?

Kitty.—Hanged if I know! some one sent it but I've got one that suits me and I can't wear two.

Mrs. Cameron.—Indeed, and who sent that one?

Kitty.—Dick---I mean Mr. Moreland.

Mrs. Cameron.—I think my little girl is learning to care for Dick.

Kitty.—Why Mrs. Cameron, you--you make me blush. (Mrs. Cameron finds note in bouquet.)

Mrs. Cameron.—Here is a note in this bouquet.

Kitty.—A note! who do you suppose sent it?

Mrs. Cameron.—I would open it and find out.

Kitty.—You have got a big head. (Opening note, reads aloud.) Wear the buds I send if I am more than a friend. From one who loves you much.

Kitty.—That's enough to make a horse sick.

Mrs. Cameron.—I think your language more expressive

than elegant my dear, I wish for my sake you would try to leave off using such expressions.

Kitty.—(Fastening bouquet to Mrs. Cameron's dress.) There, you look bang up Mrs. Cameron, them yellow roses are awfully becoming to you.

Mrs. Cameron.—Thank you my dear, and now don't you think you can call me aunt instead of Mrs. Cameron.

Kitty.—Bet your life!

Mrs. Cameron.—Will you go to my room and bring my fan, I left it on the dressing case. I know you do not mind going up and down stairs.

Kitty.—With pleasure, I'll be back in about two shakes of a dogs tail. (Exit Kitty. Enters Delmore Cameron, looks after Kitty.)

Del.—Well mother you have a task before you. Do you think you can ever teach that little heathen anything.

Mrs. Cameron.—I think I can, my son, I have learned to love the child very much and if we don't succeed in proving her claim I intend to adopt her if you have no objections.

Del.—I have no objections as far as I am concerned, but I am afraid she will wear you out before you succeed in making something of her.

Mrs. Cameron.—Have no fear my son, I am confident that Kitty will make an excellent woman.

Del.—I am sure I hope so for your sake mother. It is queer that she cannot find her mother's marriage certificate, she is quite sure she had it.

Mrs. Cameron.—I hope she will find it, I should be sorry to see her cheated out of what lawfully belongs to her although we have enough for her.

Del.—She is coming, do try and make her behave decently this evening if you can. (Exit Del. Enter Kitty.)

Kitty.—Here is your fan Aunt Rachel.

Mrs. Cameron.—Thank you dear, now will you do something to please me?

Kitty.—(Embracing Mrs. Cameron.) I'll do anything for

you Aunt Rachel, you are the best friend I've got, except--- well you know. What is it you want me to do?

Mrs. Cameron.—There will be several of your mother's old friends here this evening and I am very anxious that you should make a good appearance, will you try for my sake to be as lady like as possible?

Kitty.—I will try my best for I do want to please you. Now tell me just what you want me to do and I will try and do it-

Mrs. Cameron.—You are a good girl. Now promise me that you will not use one slang phrase the entire evening.

Kitty.—Oh Aunt Rachel, can't you give me an easier one?

Mrs. Cameron.—But my dear, you know that slang is not lady like.

Kitty.—I know it, and I will try as hard as I can not to use it. Is that all you want me to do?

Mrs. Cameron.—You must try and be a little dignified also.

Kitty.—What's that, something good to eat?

Mrs. Cameron.—Why Kitty, don't you know what dignified means?

Kitty.—Well, I guess so, I must keep a stiff upper lip and not stand on my head or any thing of that sort, well I'll do my best but if I do forget myself you wont be mad with me will you?

Mrs. Cameron.—No dear I wont be angry with you because I know you will try your best to please me. There is a carriage coming up the road and I think the ladies I mentioned are in it.

Kitty.—Oh, Aunt Rachel, that's one on you, you have been lecturing me for using slang and you use it yourself.

Mrs. Cameron.—What do you mean Kitty, I don't think I have said anything improper.

Kitty.—Oh, yes you did, you said there was a carriage coming up the road and your friends were *in it*. Now if that ain't slang I should like to know what is.

Mrs. Cameron.—I will try and do better next time, don't forget your promise. (Exit Mrs. Cameron.)

Kitty.—I do hope I won't forget myself and do or say anything that ain't lady like, for I do want to please Aunt Rachel, but I bet I will do something ridiculous. Ah! here they come, now I'm in for it. (Enters Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Finimore and Mrs. Copeland, Mrs. Cameron presents Kitty, Kitty is very dignified until she spys Bingo coming across the field.)

Kitty.—Glory Hallaluyah! here comes Bingo, bless his old heart I knew he would come to see me as soon as he heard I was in town. (Enters Bingo, Kitty runs to meet him.) Oh Bingo, you old darling! you can't imagine how I miss the rackets we used to have together.

Bingo.—Well I reckon I miss them too, its powerful lonesome now at the farm, I've been to Springfield today and I brought you some peanuts.

Kitty.—Well never mind about the peanuts I want to give you a knock down---I mean an introduction to these ladies. Ladies this is Bingo, my old chum, he ain't very stylish but you bet your boots he is all wool and a yard wide every time. (To Bingo aside.—Why don't you make a bow and not stand there like a big dummy.) You must excuse him ladies, he is very bashful. (To Bingo.—Do for pitty sakes say something Bingo, have you lost your tongue!

Bingo.—How---do---ladies, I'm master glad to meet you. (Mrs. Cameron looks distressed.)

Kitty.—Now Bingo pass around the peanuts.

Bingo.—Can't, I've got 'em in my pockets.

Kitty.—Well, give them to me and I'll pass them around. (Bingo puts peanuts into Kitty's dress, Kitty passes them around.)

Mrs. Cameron.—Ladies I thing we will leave Kitty with her old friend. (Exit ladies.)

Kitty.—There they have gone and I am glad of it, now we can have a nice little chat all by ourselves. Have you found my mother's marriage certificate?

Bingo.—No I ain't, but don't you fret, I am going to.

Kitty.—Well I wish you would brace up, I can't have that money until I find that certificate.

Bingo.—I'll find it, see if I don't. When are you going away to school?

Kitty.—In September. I wish you were going too.

Bingo.—I don't. How do you like living with tony folks?

Kitty.—I don't know, I like nice clothes and I like the fodder, but I don't like trying to be a lady for a cent.

Bingo.—I noticed your new togs, that's a master pretty dress you have got. Every one says that Dick Moreland and you are going to be married and Cad is madder than a wet hen.

Kitty.—I think they had better mind their business and let Dick and me alone. Here comes Florence, I guess she wants me, I'll be back in a little while. (Exit Kitty.)

Bingo.—I guess I'll get out of this they are coming right this way. (Exit Bingo. Enters Florence and Kitty.)

Kitty.—Florence are you going to marry Delmore Cameron?

Florence.—Why, What an inquisitive little lady you are. Why do you ask?

Kitty.—Aunt Rachel told me she thought you and Del. would be married sometime. Is it so? Oh my! what a lovely ring! don't 'em shine. Is that your engagement ring?

Florence.—I suppose so.

Kitty.—I wouldn't marry the best man that ever breathed, if one ever asks me to marry him I will knock him down. (Enters Dick.)

Dick.—I was not aware our little girl was a pugilist.

Kitty.—Well I am you know. (To Florence.) I'm going after a drink of water. (Exit Kitty.)

Dick.—What a little witch she is. I say Flos, how would you like her for a sister?

Florence.—I should like her very much if she was old enough.

Dick.—Whether she is old enough or not I shall offer myself to her this very night.

Florence.—You ridiculous fellow, Kitty is nothing but a child, you must not think of such a thing, you would frighten her out of her wits.

Dick.—Girls of sixteen are not so easily frightened, I have reason to believe that Kitty cares for me and I shall ask her to be my wife.

Florence.—I warn you Dick, you will not be accepted.

Dick.—Do you not think she cares for me?

Florence.—I think she cares a great deal for you, but she does not know it; wait until she has been away a few months then she will realize how much she cares for you. I think if you speak tonight you will make a great mistake.

Dick.—Perhaps you are right Floss at any rate I think I will take your advice. Shall we go to the house. (Exit Dick and Florence. Enters Kitty.)

Kitty.—I am glad they have gone, I always feel as uneasy as a fish out of water when he is around. Ah! here comes the gilly, now I'll have some fun, I bet it was him that sent that bouquet. (Kitty takes seat.) Hello Mr. Worthington!

Grayson.—Good evening Miss Kitty, is it not a delightful evening?

Kitty.—It would be if it wasn't for the tormented mosquitoes, they have chewed my arms all to pieces, shoo! go away.

Grayson.—That's because you are so sweet my dear.

Kitty.—Come off, what are you giving us.

Grayson.—I mean just what I say Miss Kitty, if I did not think you were sweet I would not tell you so.

Kitty.—Oh rats! say, I guess you have got the wrong cousin, Cad is the one that likes that kind of talk, so if you have got any more of that bottled up you had better save it for her.

Grayson.—I do not care for your cousin it is you and you alone that I care for. Do you think you can care for me just a little. Kitty will you be my wife!

Kitty.—I couldn't think of it Mr. Worthington.

Grayson.—Kitty, I have loved you ever since the first time I saw you; you are young dear, but not too young to love, will you not give me one ray of hope, will you let me win you for my wife.

Kitty.—No I wont.

Grayson.—Think of my great love for you, you are the first girl that I have ever loved.

Kitty.—Oh what a lie! I bet you have been in love with a dozen girls already.

Grayson.—You are wrong Kitty, I have never loved anyone but you. Will you be my wife and make me the happiest man on the face of the earth.

Kitty.—I am real sorry for you Mr. Worthington, but you ain't in it.

Grayson.—Then you refuse to be my wife.

Kitty.—Most decidedly.

Grayson.—You will change your mind one of these days.

Kitty.—Oh no I wont, I ain't built that way, when I say no I mean no.

Grayson.—Is there any one else whom you care for?

Kitty.—(Aside.—Ain't he got the nerve.) I don't want to be saucy Mr. W., but that is my business and if you will excuse me I'll go and see if Anna has come. (Exit Kitty Enters Carry and Anna.)

Grayson.—Good evening ladies.

Anna.—Was that Kitty I just saw flitting among the trees?

Grayson.—It was, she has gone in search of you.

Anna.—I shall go to her at once. (To Carry.) You may stay with Mr. Worthington if you will. (Exit Anna.)

Carry.—Do you think there will be a large party here this evening?

Grayson.—(Pacing back and forth.) Did you speak to me?

Carry.—Do you know how many invitations were sent out?

Grayson.—Er--I--yes I think so.

Carry.—(Laughing.) What can be the matter Mr. Worthington, one would think you were in love.

Grayson.—By jove, Miss Brooks, that is just what the trouble is, I have offered myself to your cousin and was refused.

Carry.—I am very sorry for you Mr. Worthington, but if you wish to win my cousin Kitty you must make her believe that Dick Moreland does not care for her.

Grayson.—How is it to be done?

Carry.—I will tell you if you will promise never to betray me.

Grayson.—I will be as silent as the grave.

Carry.—Then leave it to me, I don't think you will have any further trouble in that direction; all is fair in love and war you know.

Grayson.—You are very kind Miss Brooks.

Carry.—Pray don't mention it Mr. W., I think she is coming now, and if you will allow me to see her alone I will see what I can accomplish. (Exit Grayson. Enters Kitty and Anna.)

Kitty.—Hello Cad, how are you?

Carry.—I am quite well I thank you Kitty, and how are you?

Kitty.—First rate Cad, never felt better in my life, I get enough to eat now.

Carry.—What a lovely bouquet you have! Did Mr. Moreland give it to you?

Kitty.—I'll never tell, what made you think he gave them to me?

Carry.—I saw him purchase two at the flowerists this afternoon, he told the clerk to send one to a certain young lady and that he would take the other as he intended to give to a young lady with whom he had been flirting, and I think that is one of the bouquets, but you must not tell that I told you about it. The clerk told Dick that he was sorry he liked flirting so well, and told him that one must have some amusement to pass away the time.

Kitty.—(Aside.—I don't believe a word of it.) Did you hear Dick say that?

Carry.—Certainly I did, did you think I told a story about it?

Kitty.—I didn't know but what you had, if you did it wouldn't be the first time you told a story.

Carry.—Thank you. Anna will you go and get my fan, I left it in the reception room. (Exit Anna.) I don't believe I did leave it in the reception room after all, I think I will go and get it myself, will you go with me Kitty.

Kitty.—No I wont, I am going to stay here.

Carry.—As you please Kitty, I see plainly that we cannot be friends no matter how hard I try. (Exit Carry.)

Kitty.—I don't want to be friends with such an old cat, I believe she told a big lie. I didn't promise her that I would not say anything about what she told me and I am just going to ask Dick. (Enters Dick.)

Dick.—What is that you are going to ask Dick?

Kitty.—None of your business, I am mad with you.

Dick.—Why little one what have I done to make you angry?

Kitty.—You made fun of me and you wont get another chance. (Throwing roses on floor.) There, you can take your old roses and give them to the girl you gave the others to, I ain't playing second fiddle not if I know it (Crying.)

Dick.—Why Kitty I have not been making fun of you.

Kitty.—Yes you have!

Dick.—(Attempts to take Kitty's hands. Kitty puts hands behind her.)

Kitty.—You go away from me.

Dick.—Kitty, will you tell me what you are crying about?

Kitty.—No I wont, so there.

Dick.—How then am I to know what you are angry about?

Kitty.—Its--no--matter--if--you--don't, you wouldn't care if you di-did.

Dick.—You are mistaken Kitty, I care more than you

think. (Takes Kitty's hands.) Will you not tell me what caused those tears?

Kitty.—Wipes eyes with dress.

Dick.—You will spoil you dress Kitty.

Kitty.—I don't care if I do.

Dick.—Now Kitty do be reasonable, tell me just what grieves you, I can think of nothing I have done to deserve such treatment.

Kitty.—Oh you can't, well you have got a short memory, I suppose you didn't buy two bouquets this afternoon, and tell the clerk at the flowerists to send one to another girl and you would take the other and give it to a girl that you had been flirting with, and you didn't tell him that one must have something to amuse themselves with? Oh no, of course you didn't.

Dick.—Certainly not, what put such an idea into your head?

Kitty.—Some one told me you did.

Dick.—The person who told you that story lied. (Walking toward Dick.)

Kitty.—I knew she was lying when she said it and I told her so.

Dick.—Who told you this noncense?

Kitty.—My cousin Carry.

Dick.—(Reproachfully.) And you believed her.

Kitty.—No I didn't, that is, I was afraid—Oh dear! I thought perhaps it might be true.

Dick.—And that was why you were angry.

Kitty.—I wasn't mad, I only felt bad to think that you would do such a thing.

Dick.—My darling, your words have given me courage to speak. Kitty do you love me?

Kitty.—Oh dear! What do you ask such a question as that for?

Dick.—Because I wish to know.

Kitty.—Then I will tell you, I do love you Dick, more

than any one else in the world, even Aunt Rachel, and I like her awful well.

Dick.—You have made me very happy, and now I will ask you one more question, will you be my wife?

Kitty.—(Nods head.) (Dick puts ring on Kitty's finger.)

Dick.—There my love, I think I am entitled to a kiss.

Kitty.—(Stepping back.) Oh my! I wouldn't let you kiss me for a farm.

Dick.—Why not?

Kitty.—Some one might see you, but I will look and if there is no one around you can kiss me. (Kitty peeps through trees.) There ain't anybody looking Dick.

Dick.—Then come to my arms.

Kitty.—What ain't worth coming after ain't worth having.

Dick.—(Crossing stage.) Very well, if you will not come to me I will come to you. (Attempts to embrace Kitty. Enters Bingo. Kitty runs to opposite side of stage.)

Bingo.—Gosh Kit, what makes your face so red? you look as if you had been frying doughnuts.

Kitty.—I didn't know my face was red.

Bingo.—Well it is. (Aside.) It seems to me I smell a rat, I guess I'll get out of this, it looks as if my room will be better than my company. (To Kitty.) I want to see you by and by Kitty, I'll be around again. (Exit Bingo.)

Kitty.—I bet a cent he saw you Dick Moreland, and you shan't kiss me again.

Dick.—But my dear, I haven't kissed you yet.

Kitty.—Well ain't you going to?

Dick.—I will if I get a chance.

Kitty.—Well come and do it quick before any one else comes. (Dick goes to Kitty's side.) Now my darling—(Enters Carry, Anna and Florence. (Kitty screams, runs away from Dick.

Florence.—Why Kitty, what is the matter?

Kitty.—Did you see that bumble bee flying around? I thought he was going to sting me. (Aside.) Oh what a whopper.

(Dick takes Kitty's hand.) Ladies allow me to present the future Mrs. Moreland.

Florence.—(Embracing Kitty.) So you are really going to be my sister, I am very glad.

Kitty.—So am I.

Anna.—(To Carry.) I told you so, I knew Mr. Moreland would marry Kitty as soon as I heard he was coming home. (To Dick.) Mr. Moreland allow me to congratulate you. (Hand shaking.)

Kitty.—You see cousin Caddy you didn't make anything by lying about those roses, did you?

Carry.—Why goosie I was only in fun.

Kitty.—That's all right but I don't believe it all the same.

Carry.—Very well my dear, you need not believe it if you don't want to. (Carry walks to opposite side of stage.) My scheme has failed but I will not give him up, Kitty Farnsworth shall never be his wife if there is any way under heaven I can prevent it. (Enters dancers. after dancing curtain falls.

ACT IV.

SCENE: MAIN STREET, SPRINGFIELD.

Three years supposed to have elapsed between Act Three and Four.

Enters Howard Grayson and Dick Moreland from opposite directions.

Dick.—Hello Worthington. (Hand shaking.)

Grayson.—Why Dick my boy is this you?

Dick.—This is me sure, or rather what is left of me.

Grayson.—You are a stranger around these parts.

Dick.—I am somewhat, I have been traveling most of the time since I saw you, I have been rather homesick for the past two weeks, so I thought I would run home and see the folks. How has the world used you since our last meeting?

Grayson.—To tell the truth the world has not used me very well.

Dick.—I thought you looked rather dejected, what's the trouble, been disappointed in love?

Grayson.—That's about the size of it. I don't mind telling you Dick, if you will promise not to repeat it.

Dick.—Have no fear my friend I am capable of keeping a secret.

Grayson.—Some time ago I fell in love with a young girl, believing her to be fancy free I became very attentive to her, as she always seemed pleased with my attentions I believed my love was returned. You can imagine my disappointment when upon asking her to be my wife she told me that although she loved me she could not be my wife, for she had promised to be the wife of another. She had become engaged when very young and did not know her own mind. I begged of her to break her engagement with this man but it was no use, she declared she would marry this man if it broke her heart.

Dick.—I am sorry for you Henry, I wish I could help you but I don't see as I can. Is this young lady anyone I am acquainted with?

Grayson.—Yes indeed, why, she is your sisters most intimate friend.

Dick.—I have been away from home so much lately that I hardly know who Florence's friends are so if you wish to enlighten me on the subject you will have to tell me the lady's name.

Grayson.—Why, it is Kitty Farnsworth to be sure.

Dick.—(Staggers back, puts hands to head.) My gad!

Grayson.—What is the matter Dick, are you ill?

Dick.—A trifle faint that is all. Did I understand you to say that Kitty did not love the man she is engaged to?

Grayson.—That is what she told me.

Dick.—'Tis enough, she shall be free!

Grayson.—What under the sun have you to do with setting her free.

Dick.—Everything! It is I whom she promised to marry more than three years ago. I have been absent most of the time since trying to find out where her mother and father were married, I have looked over hundreds of marriage records but thus far have failed. I shall interest myself in her affairs no longer, I was on my way to her home when I met you, I am glad you told me about it, I shall not call upon her but shall return to the hotel and write her a letter telling her she is free to marry whom she will, I love her too well to stand between her and happiness.

Grayson.—I am sorry for this, I would not have told you for the world had I known. But don't you think you are acting rather foolish my boy?

Dick.—*Foolish*, by no means! Do you think I would lead an unwilling bride to the altar? Not if I know it. I shall go away and shall not return until I have torn her image from my heart. (Giving hand to Grayson.) I am going now and although you are my rival I can truthfully say that I bear you no ill feelings Good bye and may heaven bless you both.

Grayson.—Good bye Dick, I am sorry you are going away again.

Dick.—It is better so, (Exit Dick.)

Grayson.—What a noble fellow! I must confess that I am ashamed of myself, I would give considerable if I were like him. No wonder Kitty loves him. What a stunning blow it will be to her when she receives his letter. Ah, well, what is done cannot be undone, a fellow must look out for himself no matter what happens. (Exit Grayson.)

SCENE: PRIVATE ROOM AT GRAYSON HOUSE.

Enters Grayson.—What a miserable sinner I am to be sure. No doubt by this time Kitty has received Dick's letter, and is undergoing the greatest suffering of her young life, but never mind I will be on hand to comfort her by-and-by. Many a heart has been caught on the rebound. (Takes glass

brandy.) And who knows what may happen in this case. (Consults watch.) I wonder why the boys don't come. (Enters Bingo conceals himself behind table.)

Grayson.—I am very much afraid we shall have no time to rehearse that piece of music before we go to the club. I don't believe the boys would think so much of me as they do if they knew I murdered uncle Grayson. That smothering business was a clever scheme. The old fool brought it on himself, when he made a new will giving most of his fortune to his granddaughter he sealed his own doom. I think the old man must have found out that my character was not as good as it might be. (Going to desk.) But its all right the marriage certificate and the will are safe in my possession, and the old man is six foot under ground, and as dead men tell no tales, I have nothing to fear from that source, but it is not a very comfortable feeling to know that one is guilty of murder, not that I am afraid of being found out. (Hears a noise.) What was that? (Listens.) Confound it, I am getting as nervous as an old woman, I do wish the boys would come. I think I will take a peep at the papers and see if they are all right. (Takes papers from desk.) They are here, and here they will stay.

Bingo.—(Aside.) You don't want to be too sure of that. (Bell rings.)

Grayson.—Ah, they are coming at last. (Enters Grayson's friends.) Hello boys, I thought you were never coming.

Leader.—We are a trifle late, so we had better proceed to business at once, we must have this piece as near perfect as possible.

Grayson—Then we will begin. (Singing by quartette.) Have a drink boys.

Leader.—Thank you, don't care if we do. (Boys take a drink.) Will you go with us to the club.

Grayson.—I should be pleased to. (Exit quartette. Bingo comes from hiding place.)

Bingo.—Well by gum, if that chap ain't given himself away bad, I always thought he was a wicked critter, but I

didn't think he was bad enough to kill anyone. He thinks he won't get found out but I guess he will change his mind before I get through with him, he'll get his neck stretched one of these days and don't you forget it. (Enters Nora.)

Nora.—I never did see what a mess of dirty tumblers there is around this house, Master can't breathe unless he takes a glass of brandy, I do wish—(catches sight of Bingo.) Goodness sakes how you frightened me! why didn't you tell me you were here?

Bingo.—Because you talked so fast I couldn't get a word in edgeways.

Nora.—Well who are you and what do you want?

Bingo.—I want to see your master, he has gone out for a few minutes, but he will be right back. Say, can't you get me something to eat, I am as hungry as a bear.

Nora.—To be sure, I don't like to have any one around hungry. (Exit Nora.)

Bingo.—There I've got rid of her, and now for the papers (opening desk) He forgot to lock his desk, so much the better. They are here and (putting papers in pocket) here they will stay, until I give them to Kitty. Now I guess I will take a drink of brandy. (Enters Grayson.)

Grayson.—What the devil are you doing here in my private room, get out of this. (Takes Bingo by trousers and collar, throws him out. Enters Nora with tray. Collision.) Who was that man,

Nora.—I don't know sir, he said he wanted to see you.

Grayson.—Well, call him back, I will find out what he wants. (Exit Nora. Enters Armstrong.)

Grayson.—Hello old man, where have you kept yourself lately?

Armstrong.—In Holyoke part of the time. I heard something at the hotel this morning that I thought you might like to know, so I came at once to tell you, you are suspected.

Grayson.—Suspected of what?

Armstrong.—Why, stealing the marriage certificate to be sure, they are going to search this house so if you have any

thing around that you don't want any one to see you had better take care of it.

Grayson.—I have nothing but a few papers and I will put them into safe keeping. (Opens draw.) Great heavens they are gone!

Armstrong.—Gone! What do you mean?

Grayson.—I mean that I have been robbed, the marriage certificate and my uncle's last will are gone, fool that I was not to destroy them while I had a chance. Ah! I have it. That fellow that was here when I came in must have been a detective. God heavens I am ruined!

Armstrong.—Don't be too sure of that Grayson, there may be some one else who is trying for the Grayson millions.

Grayson.—Please explain yourself.

Armstrong.—There may be some one who knows that your cousin Kitty should be mistress of this house, If there is such a person he will doubtless try to win Kitty for his wife, should he succeed, all he would have to do would be to produce those papers and Kitty would get the money and your name would be Dennis. Then again, perhaps some one has stolen them and will make you pay a good price for them, see?

Grayson.—You have a great head Armstrong, but I'll tell you what it is, that girl must be put out of the way, do you understand?

Armstrong.—I understand, but how are you going to do it!

Grayson.—You will do it.

Armstrong.—I will if there is money enough in it.

Grayson.—I will give you \$5,000 as soon as you bring me proof that this girl is out of the way.

Armstrong.—Good, that girl will never see another sunrise. I will be off and lay my plans at once.

Grayson.—What are your plans?

Armstrong.—I will see you later. (Exit Armstrong and Grayson.)

SCENE: IN WOODS NEAR HOLYOKE.

Enters Kitty.—This must be the place but it is so dark I can scarcely see, I wish the moon would come out from behind the clouds. I can't think why Joe wished me to meet him in such a lonely place at such a late hour, I don't believe he has done anything wrong, yet, why should he be afraid to come to me, poor fellow, I wish he would come I am growing nervous. I wonder what I done with his note. (Moon comes out.) Ah! now I can see. (Reads Bingo's note.)

Dear Friend Kitty:

I am in a heap of trouble, meet me in the woods at the old playgrounds at ten o'clock tonight. I must see you, you are the only friend I have, and I know you will come. I would not ask you to come if I could come to you. Do not let Mrs. Cameron know where you are going. That chap that brought this note is a good fellow but he can't help me. I shall wait until eleven o'clock for you, and for the sake of old times I hope you will not disappoint your old friend Bingo.

Kitty.—Poor fellow, I fear he has not been doing right, but I will help him if I can. What would Aunt Rachel say if she knew what I have done, I dare say she would think me dreadfully imprudent, however, I shall tell her when it is all over. I do wish Joe would come, it is growing late. (Enters Armstrong.)

Armstrong.—Here you are my pretty Kitty, right on hand like a picked up dinner.

Kitty.—Who are you sir? and how dare you address me thus?

Armstrong.—Well I'll be blowed, if you ain't a cool one, some girls would be frightened out of her wits.

Kitty.—I am not easily frightened. Was it you who delivered Joe's letter this morning?

Armstrong.—I recon it was Miss.

Kitty.—Well, where is he? and why did he wish to see me!

Armstrong.—I may as well tell you one time as another, Joe Nichols never saw that letter.

Kitty.—Then who wrote it?

Armstrong.—I did.

Kitty.—What was your object in writing such a letter? and why did you not sign your own name to it?

Armstrong.—My object in writing that letter was to get you away from your friends, and my reason for not signing my own name was you would not come to meet a perfect stranger in such a lonely place, so I signed it Bingo, I knew that would bring you!

Kitty.—Well, now that you have succeeded in bringing me to this lonely spot, what do you propose to do.

Armstrong.—(Producing knife.) I am going to kill you.

Kitty.—Are you, indeed! I think I shall have something to say about that.

Armstrong.—Spunky by gosh, but spunk wont save you, you have got to die. But I must say its a darned shame to kill such a girl. Do you see this knife? I am going to cut your throat from ear to ear.

Kitty.—You will have a good time doing it sir.

Armstrong.—Well what have you to say before you leave this world?

Kitty.—I don't think I shall leave the world just yet.

Armstrong.—Oh you don't! Young lady do you realize where you are?

Kitty.—I realize that I am half a mile from any dwelling house and nearly a quarter of a mile from the main road, I might scream until I was black in the face and I should not be heard, still I am not afraid of you.

Armstrong.—I have heard enough of your lip. Why don't you get down on your knees and beg for mercy, you are in my power.

Kitty.—I would not beg for mercy if I knew I should not live ten minutes. You asked me a few moments ago what I

had to say, I will tell you, you are a cowardly villian, capable I believe of committing any crime, but I do not fear you. When you enticed Kitty Farnsworth into these woods with the intention of putting her out of the way you did not know what kind of a girl you had to deal with. I am not timid like most of my sex as you will find out before I get through with you. I am ready now, do your worst, *coward* that you are.

Armstrong.—You young she devil, I'll make you hold your tongue. (Advancing with knife uplifted.) Die! Jesibel!

Kitty.—(Producing revolver.) Stand back! I am not ready to die! (Curtain falls.)

ACT V.

STREET SCENE.

Enters Grayson. Enters Armstrong from oposite direction.

Armstrong.—Hello Grayson, I was just going to your house.

Grayson.—Well, what have you to say for yourself, have you brought me the proof that the girl is out of the way?

Armstrong.—I've brought you nothing, she is altogether too spunky for me

Grayson.—How did you go to work?

Armstrong.—I wrote a letter signing it Bingo, asking her to come to a place in the woods near Holyoke. She believing Bingo to be in trouble went to meet him, and met me instead. I had a knife, thinking a pistol shot might attract attention, as soon as she saw the knife and found out my intentions her eyes fairly flashed fire and she gave me the worst tongue lashing I ever got in my life. When I was about to plunge the knife into her she leveled a revolver at my head and from the expression in her eyes I thought it was about time I was getting out.

Grayson.—Armstrong you are a coward!

Armstrong.—That's what she said, but I should like to have seen you in my place. You ought to have seen her mount her horse; my, but she is a daisy! The last I saw of her she was riding towards Springfield as if the devil was after her.

Grayson.—The little tiger. What on earth am I to do Armstrong?

Armstrong.—Marry her; by jove I would if I could. Can't you think of some way that you could get her to marry you, couldn't you make her think that Dick Moreland is married or going to be, and work upon her pride in such a way that she will be willing to do most anything rather than have people think that he went back on her?

Grayson.—By George! I think I can do it, come along and have a drink then I will go home and write a letter. (Armstrong takes Grayson's arm, go off singing, "We have both been there before, many a time, many a time.")

SCENE: MRS. CAMERON'S SITTING ROOM.

Kitty sits in chair with head bowed. Enters Mrs. Cameron.

Mrs. Cameron.—What is the matter Kitty? you have done nothing but mope ever since yesterday afternoon. Now tell me what troubles you.

Kitty.—(Raising head.) I don't feel very well Aunt Rachel, I did not sleep well last night.

Mrs. Cameron.—Have you told me all Kitty; I am afraid it is something more than a sleepless night. Why, child you look as if you had cried your eyes out!

Kitty.—I will tell you sometime, but not now. Please leave me Aunt Rachel, I want to be alone.

Mrs. Cameron.—I will not leave you child, I have promised to be a mother to you and so far as I am able I shall keep my promise. (Kneeling beside Kitty.) Now tell me your trouble, can you not trust me Kitty?

Kitty.—I can trust you but I had rather not tell you, I know you would think me silly.

Mrs. Cameron.—I think I can guess the cause of your trouble. You received a letter yesterday afternoon, I think he must have disappointed you about coming home, am I not right?

Kitty.—You are right, I did receive a letter from Dick and he has broken his engagement, and oh Aunt Rachel he has broken my heart!

Mrs. Cameron.—My dear what do you mean?

Kitty.—(Giving letter to Mrs. Cameron.) Read that letter. (Mrs. Cameron reads letter.)

Dear Miss Farnsworth:

I have recently learned that our engagement has been a mistake, therefore I give you your freedom, you are free to marry whom you will. Doubtless you will be glad to be released from a bond that must have been very distasteful to you. Should we ever meet again I trust it will be as friends. I hope you will be happy and sometime think of your old friend.

DICK.

Mrs. Cameron.—I don't know what to make of it, I am sure Dick loved you! There must be some mistake.

Kitty.—There is no mistake Aunt Rachel, it is plain enough he has cast me off. Perhaps he has found some one whom he likes better than I.

Mrs. Cameron.—I cannot believe Dick would cast you off without some good reason. I wish I could see him, I would at least find out why he has broken his engagement.

Kitty.—Please do not say any more about it, it will do no good. (Kitty bows head.)

Mrs. Cameron.—My poor child, is there anything I can do for you? (Stroking Kitty's head.)

Kitty.—There is nothing Aunt Rachel only leave me for a little while I want to think.

Mrs. Cameron.—Poor child! Poor child! (Exit Mrs. Cameron. Enters Grayson.)

Kitty.—(Rising from seat.) Good evening Mr. Worthington. (Giving hand.)

Grayson.—I hope you will pardon me Miss Farnsworth, but I have come on a very unpleasant errand. I received a

letter today from one whom I always believed to be a man of honor, but his letter has proved him to be a scoundrel. Shall I read it?

Kitty.—Who is it from?

Grayson.—From Richard Moreland.

Kitty.—You may read it. (Grayson reads letter.)

Wilbraham.

Dear Friend Worthington :

I suppose you will call me a villain or some pet name equally as complimentary when I tell you that I have broken my engagement with Kitty Farnsworth, but the fact is I have met a young lady here that Kitty could not hold a candle to. She is what I call beautiful, besides being an heiress. I know that you will think that I have not acted honorable toward Kitty, but do not condemn me until you have seen my bride. I am to be married privately in a few days. I intend to surprise the folks at home, so you must not let them know that I have written to you. I suppose it will be rather rough on Kitty, but it can't be helped, perhaps she will transfer her affections to you, when she finds she cannot have me, I know you are fond of her old boy and would be more worthy of her than I. Remember this is strictly confidential. I shall be in Springfield in a few days and you will see if I have made a mistake in my choice of a wife, until then adieu.

Your Friend Dick.

Kitty.—Will you allow me to see the letter Mr. Worthington?

Grayson.—Certainly. (Kitty examines letter.)

Kitty.—There is no mistake, it is his hand writing.

Grayson.—I am sorry for you Kitty, I should not have read this letter to you, but I have a plan and I think you will agree to it. You know that I have loved you ever since I have known you and if you will become my wife I will take you away at once, then let Dick Moreland bring his bride if he will. If you are my wife and far away people cannot point you out as Dick Moreland's discarded love. There are many who will be glad to know that Dick has thrown you over, your cousin Carry will rejoice over your trouble. Now Kitty

will you allow them to laugh at and pity you when you can avoid it by becoming my wife.

Kitty.—Do not tempt me Mr. Worthington, it would be wrong for me to marry one man when I love another.

Grayson.—And you still love that miserable scamp after the way in which he has treated you?

Kitty.—God help me, I do, I shall always love him, no matter what happens. He was my first love, and he shall be my last!

Grayson.—How foolish you are! Do you think you can bear it?

Kitty.—I can bear anything now.

Grayson.—You think you can, but I tell you you cannot, how do you suppose you would feel if you should meet Dick Moreland and his wife face to face?

Kitty.—Mr. Worthington, I beg of you drop this subject, you will drive me mad! I cannot bear to think of it.

Grayson.—But my dear girl you will be obliged to think of it a great many times. Now listen to me. There is no one in Springfield who knows of this affair except you and I, now if you marry me tonight we can leave Springfield at midnight, in the morning we will be miles away; of course every one will be surprised when they hear we are married, then when Dick comes here with his wife you will not be here to be pitted and laughed at as I have said. Now tell me what you think of my plan.

Kitty.—I do not love you Mr. Worthington.

Grayson.—I do not ask for love Kitty, I was only thinking of your interests, besides, you would learn to care for me in time, I will be very kind to you, your slightest wish shall be gratified, consent to be my wife and you will never regret it.

Kitty.—Let me think. (Kitty paces floor) Oh, what shall I do! I believe I shall go mad! Oh, how could he do it. He never loved me; had he cared for me he would not have cast me off. I cannot bear it! Oh, I cannot bear it! (Kitty falls into chair weeping.)

Grayson.—My poor Kitty, I wish I could bear it for you;

heaven knows I would bear anything for you, I love you so well.

Kitty.—Mr. Worthington, I wish from the bottom of my heart that I could return your love, but I cannot.

Grayson.—You could learn to love me if you would only try. (*Kitty paces floor.*)

Kitty.—(*Aside.*—Why not marry him and make him happy, I am sure he cares for me; I may as well make him happy if I can for I never expect to be happy again.) Mr. Worthington I have decided to be your wife and may God forgive me if I am doing wrong.

Grayson.—(*Attempts to embrace Kitty.*) My darling you have made me very happy.

Kitty.—(*Steps back.*) Remember I do not love you.

Grayson.—I will try and not forget my dear. Shall I go after a clergyman at once?

Kitty.—Any time you please, I am ready.

Grayson.—Then I will go, I will be back soon. (*Exit Grayson. Enters Mrs. Cameron.*)

Mrs. Cameron.—Are you still here Kitty, I met Mr. Worthington in the hall a few minutes ago, he seemed to be in a great hurry, he also seemed very much elated about something, if I did not know I should think he had proposed and been accepted.

Kitty.—That is just what happened Aunt Rachel, I am to become Mrs. Henry Worthington this very evening, Mr. Worthington has gone for a clergyman.

Mrs. Cameron.—(*drops into chair.*) Why Kitty Farnsworth, what do you mean?

Kitty.—I mean just what I say Aunt Rachel, I am going to be married this very night. Dick Moreland has thrown me over and I shall marry Henry Worthington.

Mrs. Cameron.—But you do not love him

Kitty.—He knows it.

Mrs. Cameron.—Why not wait? I am sure it would come out all right, why not wait a short time, you know nothing of this man, he may be a villain for aught you

know. Kitty I beg of you to give up this foolish marriage, no good will come of it.

Kitty.—It is too late now Aunt Rachel, I have promised to be his wife, and I shall keep my word.

Mrs. Cameron.—You are not yourself to-night Kitty, will you for my sake postpone this marriage until morning at least?

Kitty.—I cannot Aunt Rachel, when morning dawns we shall be miles and miles away. We are to take the midnight express, I don't know just where we shall go and I don't care so long as I get away. I will write and tell you the reason I have taken this step.

Mrs. Cameron.—(Aside.—She is as stubborn as a mule.) My dear, will nothing induce you to give up this marriage?

Kitty.—Nothing Aunt Rachel, my mind is made up.

Mrs. Cameron.—(Pacing floor.) Dear! Dear! What am I to do. Kitty think of your mother's hasty marriage, think—

Kitty.—Hush, they are coming. (Enters Grayson and clergyman.)

Grayson.—Ah, good evening Mrs. Cameron, I suppose Kitty has told you that we are going to be married.

Mrs. Cameron.—I fear she will regret this hasty marriage, I cannot think why she should take this step.

Grayson.—We will explain later. The Clergyman is in a hurry so we will proceed (To Kitty.) Are you ready my dear?

Kitty.—I am ready. (The marriage ceremony begins. Mrs. Cameron sits in chair weeping.)

Clergyman.—Henry Worthington will you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife, etc.

Grayson.—I Will.

Enters Bingo.—(Points revolver at Grayson's head.) I bet you five dollars you wont if I can stop it.

Clergyman.—What does this mean?

Bingo.—It means that this ceremony has gone as far as it is going to.

Grayson.—Go on with the ceremony.

Bingo.—If he does he will be a dead man.

Kitty.—Joseph, I am ashamed of you!

Bingo.—So be I ashamed of you, if I wanted to get married very bad I would marry a man if I were you, instead of a thing like that. (Pointing to Grayson.)

Kitty.—I am surprised to hear you speak in such a manner to Mr. Worthington.

Bingo.—Mr. Worthington be hanged! His name ain't Worthington no more than mine is, his name is Howard Grayson and he is the biggest rascal out side of states prison, but he wont be long I can tell you.

Grayson.—Man! What do you mean?

Bingo.—Oh, you will find out soon enough, so don't worry. The hangman will have a job one of these days.

Grayson.—I hope you do not believe all this nonsense Kitty.

Kitty.—I think it will bear investigation.

Grayson.—Why Kitty, I am surprised to think you should be influenced by that fool. Why I don't believe he knows what he is talking about.

Bingo.—(Shaking fist in Grayson's face.) Don't you call me a fool, you good for nothing scoundrel or I will break every bone in your miserable carcass.

Grayson.—I think we have had enough of this nonsense. Mrs. Cameron shall I put this lunatic out?

Mrs. Cameron.—No! He shall stay.

Grayson.—(Laughing.) Then you believe him too.

Mrs. Cameron.—I have no reason to doubt his statement.

Grayson.—Kitty you promised to be my wife, are you going to keep your promise?

Kitty.—I promised to marry Henry Worthington, and as that is not your name I don't feel bound to keep my promise.

Grayson.—I see plainly that it is useless to deny this charge, but believe me ladies this man is laboring under a great mistake. (To Bingo.) I will make you suffer for this.

Bingo.—Be you going to have me arrested?

Grayson.—I think I shall.

Bingo.—All right, you wont have to go far for an officer, I got one all ready. (*Bingo goes to door. Enters officer.*)

Bingo.—Officer there is your man. (*Pointing to Grayson.*)

Officer.—Howard Grayson you are my prisoner, you are charged with the murder of Leonard Grayson.

Grayson.—I thought it was settled that my uncle died a natural death.

Officer.—It was settled that your uncle died not from the effects of poison, but it has since come to light that he was smothered, and you sir are his murderer!

Grayson.—(*Falls into chair.*) Great God! My sins have found me out!

Bingo.—You are also charged with stealing Kitty Farnsworth's mother's marriage certificate and Leonard Grayson's last will and testament. (*Gives papers to Kitty.*) Here they are Kit, maybe folks wont think I am such a fool now, I've been working on this case for three years. It took me a long time to work it up but I got there after a while. Well Kitty don't you want them? Lord knows I've worked hard enough to find them.

Kitty.—Where did you find them Joseph?

Bingo.—I found them in that fellow's private desk.

Officer.—Come Grayson have you gone to sleep, I can't stay here all night waiting for you, come along. (*Officer leads Grayson from room. Kitty falls fainting to floor. Mrs. Cameron lifts her head from floor.*)

Mrs. Cameron.—Thank heaven she is saved from being the wife of a murderer!

Bingo.—(*Runs from stage.*) Water! Water! Some one bring some water. (*Curtain Falls.*)

ACT VI.

SCENE: DRAWING ROOM OF GRAYSON MANSION.

Enters Kitty.—What a world of sorrow and suffering this is. Those who seem to have everything to make them

happy are often times the most miserable, and this is true in my case. My friends come here and congratulate me on my good fortune and tell me that I must be very happy. They do not stop to think that there are things that money cannot buy. They tell me that I have been very ill, that for weeks I lingered at death's door, and only the most careful nursing saved my life. I wish they had let me die, there is nothing in this world that makes life worth living, but I suppose I must live on and appear gay and happy though my heart is breaking. How I wish I could forget the miserable past! but I cannot, it is ever fresh in my memory. Oh if Dick had only remained true how different everything would seem, I should be so happy, as it is I am the most miserable of God's creatures. I wish I were dead! Oh I wish I were dead! (Throwing herself into chair. Enters Mrs. Cameron.)

Mrs. Cameron.—Crying again Kitty?

Kitty.—No, Aunt Rachel, I was only thinking. Do you not think receptions are stupid things?

Mrs. Cameron.—By no means, I think they are delightful. What can be more pleasing than to meet so many of one's friends in this way, I am sure you will enjoy it besides it is a duty you owe society.

Kitty.—A very disagreeable duty. I am not fond of society; I had much rather be alone, but as you say, it is a duty I owe society and I must open my house and give receptions, five o'clock teas, and so on, and smile upon people whom I would rather not speak to. Aunt Rachel I hate society.

Mrs. Cameron.—You are morbid my dear, I wish for my sake you would try to be happy, it grieves me to see so sad an expression on the face of one so young, I wish there was something I could do to make you happy.

Kitty.—You have done too much for me already. How can I ever repay you for your watchful care over me during my illness.

Mrs. Cameron.—My dear Kitty all I ask is to see you happy again.

Kitty.—That is impossible, I shall never be happy again.

Mrs. Cameron.—This is all nonsense Kitty. (Enters Nora with letter.)

Nora.—A letter for Miss Farnsworth.

Kitty.—Thank you Nora. (Exit Nora.) I wonder who it is from.

Mrs. Camcron.—Why not open it and find out?

Kitty.—A very good idea. (Kitty reads letter.)

Charlestown, Mass., Sept. 20th.

Dear Cousin Kitty:

The die is cast, I have received my sentence. On the fifth of next February I shall be hanged; I have done you a great wrong Kitty, and so far as I am able I wish to make it right. It was I who caused Dick Moreland to break his engagement. I made him believe that you were in love with me, and he being an honorable fellow never thought of doubting me. It was I who wrote the letter that I read to you on the night of my arrest, I copied his hand writing so cleverly that even you were deceived. I have written to Dick explaining all; he will doubtless be with you soon. I hope you will forgive me for the sorrow I have caused you, and may your life be a long and happy one. Your erring cousin,

Howard Grayson.

Kitty.—Oh! Aunt Rachel do you think he has told the truth? Oh, it seems too good to be true.

Mrs. Cameron.—I can see no reason why Howard Grayson should wish to deceive you now.

Kitty.—I can scarcely realize that he is coming back, but what if he does not come after all.

Mrs. Cameron.—He will come, never fear. I always wondered why Dick should leave you, loving you, as he did. I never liked Howard Grayson, and after I found out what a villain he was I suspected that he had something to do with Dick's breaking the engagement and I intended to ask Dick as soon as I had an opportunity, but now it will not be necessary. And now tell me dear, are you happy?

Kitty.—Happy! Oh Aunt Rachel, I am the happiest girl in the world!

Mrs. Cameron.—(Kissing Kitty.) I am very glad to hear you say that my dear, I think you will not have long to wait for the return of your love, I should not be surprised if he came this evening.

Kitty.—Oh! Aunt, I hope he will.

Mrs. Cameron.—I am going to the dressing room a few minutes. I will be back soon. (Exit Mrs. Cameron. Enters Bingo.)

Kitty.—I am so glad to see you Joseph.

Bingo.—Me too. (Hand shaking.) Only I do wish you would call me by the old name, I like that better.

Kitty.—Then I will call you Bingo if it pleases you. What does Anna call you?

Bingo.—(Scratching head.) Hanged if I know. Say Kit, what about Anna, who cares what she calls me, I'm sure I don't. (Looking very bashful.)

Kitty.—(Laughing.) My dear friend I know all about it, I know that you have loved Anna for a long time and I do not wonder at it for she is indeed worth loving, and I know that she is not indifferent to you. In solving this mystery of the missing will and the marriage certificate and also bringing my grandfather's murderer to justice you have made yourself a hero in the estimation of more than one person and I am sure that Anna cares for you, as for me I wish you to look upon me as a sister, but for you I should never have come into possession of my fortune. Now Bingo, as I am to be your sister allow me to give you a little sisterly advice. I have millions of dollar at my command more than I know what to do with and I wish to make you a present, I have already made out a check (producing paper) which I wish you to except, for although money is not everything you will find it very convenient, and I would advise you to go to college.

Bingo.—Me go to college?

Kitty.—Yes you go to college, you will find that without an education you can do nothing, besides Anna would think a great deal more of you if you were educated.

Bingo.—(Looking at check.) Then I guess I will go. Why Kit, ain't you made a mistake? How much money did you intend to give me?

Kitty.—Does not the check call for \$50.000?

Bingo.—Yes, but gee-whiz you didn't mean to give all that did you?

Kitty.—You deserve it my dear boy and I know that you will make good use of it.

Bingo.—Well Kit, I'm obliged to you, and I guess after all I'll take your advice and go to college, but I'd a darned sight rather get married. (Enters Amanda, embraces Kitty.)

Amanda.—Well you dear little critter I am so glad to see you lookin' so well, I'll tell you what it is Kitty, when you was so near death's door and we thought every breath you drew would be your last, it sot Carline and me to thinking and we couldn't help owning to each other that we hadn't done right and you know the new minister has worked wonders in Holyoke tew. One night when you layed sick in bed Carline and me went to a revival meeting and that new minister preached the love of God an' our neighbors right into our souls and Carline told me on our way hum that if ever you got well she would go down on her knees and ask you tew forgive us both for the way we treated you when you lived with us. I tell you what it Kitty, that new minister has worked wonders in our church, I can tell you he has saved more'n one soul and Kitty don't say nothing about it, but he asked Carline to marry him.

Kitty.—(Much surprised.) Cousin Carry going to be a ministers wife.

Amanda.—I don't blame you for being surprised Kitty, but you've no idea how she's changed since the new minister come. Oh, he's saved more'n one soul let me tell you.

Bingo.—And he has saved one soul from being an old maid.

Amanda.—I'm ashamed of you Joe Nichols!

Bingo.—Can't help it if you be. (Aside.) I wonder what she will say when she finds out that she is going to be my

mother-in-law. (Enters Carry and Anna, Anna kisses Kitty.)

Bingo.—Don't I wish that was me.

Carry.—How much better you look Kitty than when I last saw you.

Kitty.—I am feeling very much better, I am gaining strength fast.

Bingo.—Say Anna, don't you want to go out into the garden, (wiping face.) Its powerful warm inside.

Anna.—I should be pleased to go. (Exit Anna and Bingo. Enters Florence, Mrs. Cameron and Delmore.)

Florence.—How happy you look this evening Kitty, I see you are getting your roses back again.

Amanda.—Where on earth has Anna gone, I can't keep track of her to save my soul. She's always and eternally with that Joe Nichols, I'll bet a cooky they are planing some mischief. Do you know where she is Kitty?

Kitty.—I think she has gone into the garden with Joseph, shall I call her?

Amanda.—You might give her this shawl and tell her that I want her to put it on, I dew believe she tries her level best to catch cold, the first thing she knows she'll have rheumatiz as bad as I've got 'em. (Kitty takes shawl and leaves room.)

SCENE: IN GARDEN.

Enters Kitty.—Calling Anna.

Bingo.—Here we are Kitty, I'm awfully glad you come out, we've got something to tell you, you tell her Anna.

Anna.—No, you tell her.

Bingo.—Well here goes, if you don't tell her I will; we are engaged.

Kitty.—Are you, indeed, I am very glad; I hope your life will be full of happiness.

Bingo.—We ain't going to be married until I graduate, but when we are married we are going to have you and Dick for bridesmaids.

Anna.—They don't have men for bridesmaids goosie!

Bingo.—Well then we will have Kitty for bridesmaid and Dick for best man, how will that suit you? (Enters Dick.)

Bingo.—Speak of the Devil and he is sure to appear.

Kitty.—Dick! Oh Dick! I'm so glad you have come.

Bingo.—So be I by gosh. (Handshaking.)

Anna.—This is quite a surprise Mr. Moreland, I did not know that you had got home.

Dick.—I have only just returned. I left Boston this morning.

Bingo.—(Aside.—Come along Anna, don't you see that our room is better than our company.) We are going into the house now; I don't believe this evening air ain't healthy. (Exit Anna and Bingo.)

Dick.—My darling can you ever forgive me for doubting you?

Kitty.—(Giving both hands to Dick.) There is nothing to forgive Dick, we have both been deceived and the poor wretch who has caused us so much trouble is to suffer for his crimes; poor fellow I pity him; I wish something would happen that he might escape this horrible death that awaits him.

Dick.—It is just like you to forgive and pity that wretch, I for one have not an atom of pity for him, and should be very sorry if the hangman was cheated out of a job.

Kitty.—Oh Dick! how can you? he is human like the rest of us. Dick I have learned one lesson since our parting, we must forgive in order to be forgiven. If there were any way in which I could help this man I would do it gladly.

Dick.—Let us not take up our time talking about this man. When I heard that you were stricken with brain fever on the night of his arrest it almost drove me mad! I could not help thinking that your love for him must have been very deep, and to think how near you came to being his wife.

Kitty.—Don't Dick! Please do not talk of that, it frightens me to think of it.

Dick.—I will not speak of it again dear since it displeases you.

Kitty.—I must return to the house now Dick, I have callers this evening, and they will wonder what has kept me so long.

Dick.—Who have you for callers?

Kitty.—They are all here, Our friends from Holyoke.

Dick.—Is Flos' and Del. here?

Kitty.—They are.

Dick.—Then we will go in at once. (Exit Kitty and Dick.)

SCENE: DRAWING ROOM.

(Enters Anna, Bingo, Kitty and Dick.)

Florence.—(Steps forward.) My dear brother I am so glad you have returned, we have missed you so much and we do not intend to let you go away again.

Del.—Dickey, my old boy, you know that I am always glad to see you. I suppose you will not go away again until you go on your wedding trip.

Dick.—And that will be very soon.

Del.—By the way, what's the matter with a double wedding Thanksgiving. Florence and I are to be married about that time.

Dick.—Not a bad idea; what do you say little one. shall there be a double or not.

Kitty.—As you please Dick.

Dick.—That settles it, a double wedding let it be.

Bingo.—Say Anna, we ain't in it; we had better go and sit down. (Bingo and Anna walks to side of stage.) Enters Leonard Grayson.)

Leonard G.—Good evening ladies and gentlemen, I was not invited here this evening, but I have come nevertheless.

Del.—Great heavens! Leonard Grayson, how came you here?

Leonard G.—Well, I walked part of the way.

Mrs. Cameron.—Why! what does it mean?

Bingo.—Say old man, I thought you were dead and buried long ago.

Leonard G.—So everyone thought, but its very easy to be mistaken. I will tell you just how I happened to be here this evening. Three years ago when my nephew tried to murder me, in my struggle for life I brought on an epileptic fit, as you all know, it was thought that I was dead, but thanks to my friends here, Mrs. Cameron and her son, there was a private autopsy held, or rather there was to be one. Two physicians were employed to perform the operation. One of them who has taken care of me most of the time since told me that when he began the operation by making an insersion in my flesh that the blood flowed freely, which was a sure sign of life. Upon making this discovery he secretly removed me to his private office where he applied restoratives and brought me back to consciousness, but to his horror I was insane. He then removed me to a private insane asylum, where I have remained until three weeks ago when I became rational, my friend took me to his home where he told me all that had transpired. Before coming here I went to Charlestown and secured the release of my nephew, Howard Grayson, by proving that he was not a murderer. I shall give him a sum of money and send him out west. There friends, you have the whole in a nut shell.

Kitty.—And are you really my grandfather?

Leonard G.—Yes, child, I am your grandfather. Come here child I want to look at you. (*Kitty steps to Grayson's side. Grayson takes Kitty's hands.*) My child you are just like your mother, I know I shall love you and do you think you can care for your old grandfather just a little? You are all I have now *Kitty.* (*Wiping eyes.*)

Kitty.—My dear grandfather I love you now. I am very glad that Howard has not your blood on his hands. Did you see him while you were in Charlestown?

Leonard G.—No I did not, I left word for him to come here tonight. (*Enters Howard Grayson.*) Well you young dog you are right on hand aren't you?

Grayson.—Yes uncle, I want to take the midnight express for Boston; I want to leave this part of the country as soon as I can.

Amanda.—I don't blame you a bit, I would if I were you.

Leonard G.—Well here is your money all ready for you, and see that you make good use of it.

Grayson.—My dear uncle I do not deserve your forgiveness but believe me, I intend to make my future life such that you will not be sorry you pardoned such a miserable wretch as I have been.

Bingo.—Bet five dollars he's getting ready to cut up some deviltry, I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw an elephant by the tail.

Grayson.—I am going now uncle, good bye. (Hand-shaking.)

Leonard G.—Good bye my boy and God bless you. Let us hear from you occasionally.

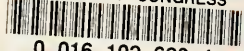
Grayson.—I will uncle! I will! (To Kitty.) Cousin Kitty have you a kind word for your worthless cousin before he leaves this part of the country?

Kitty.—(Giving hand.) Cousin Howard I have fully and freely forgiven you. God grant that your future life may atone for your past, may you never again yield to temptation or steep your soul in sin for love of gold. God bless you and keep you always and help you to be a man. (Exit Grayson.)

Bingo.—(Bringing hand down on table.) Oh Lord! Oh Lord! After all my trouble that villian ain't going to be hanged.

CURTAIN FALLS.

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